

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

PARTING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MAGGIE C. HIGBY.

The Beaver Hills grow blue and dim
As the soft twilight disappears;
I cannot raise my eyes to him,
So heavily they drop with tears!
I would that I had more of pride,
Then I might hope to calmly part;
But now, I fear, he'll surely note
The hurried beating of my heart!

His parting words are full of hope,
The cheerful hope of meeting soon;
I'll try to still my quickened pulse,
And watch the rising of the moon!
How fair the valley lies to-night!
How blue the river and how still!
While martial music faint and far
Comes o'er the heights of Falstaff Hill!

I know his soul is full of fire,
His bosom panting for the fray;
That on a heedless ear would fall
My pleading words to bid him stay;
And so—and so—I'll drop my head,
And smother back the little sigh
That rises to my trembling lips
At the low-whispered word good-bye.

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,
AUTHOR OF "THE CHANNINGS," "EAST
LYNN," "THE EARL'S HEIRS,"
"A LIVEL'S SECRET," ETC.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the
year 1862, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's
Office of the District Court for the Eastern Dis-
trict of Pennsylvania.)

CHAPTER XIX.

D.R. WEST'S SANCTUM.

For some little time past, certain rumors had arisen in Deerham somewhat to the prejudice of Dr. West. Rumors of the same nature had circulated once or twice before during the progress of the last half dozen years; but they had died away again, or been hushed up, never coming to anything tangible. For one thing, their reputed scene had not lain at the immediate spot, but at Heartburn; and distance is a great discouragement to ill-natured tattle. This fresh scandal, however, was nearer: it touched the very heart of Deerham, and people made themselves remarkably busy over it. None the less busy because its accusations were vague. Tales never lose anything in carrying, and the most outrageous things were whispered of Dr. West.

A year or two previous to this, a widow lady named Baynton with two daughters, no longer very young, had come to live at a pretty cottage in Deerham. Nothing was known of who they were, or where they came from. They appeared to be very reserved, and made no acquaintance whatever. Under these circumstances, of course their history was supplied for them. If you or I went and established ourselves in a fresh

place to-morrow, saying nothing of who we were, or what we were, it would only be the signal for some busy-body in that place to coin a story for us, and all the rest of the busy-bodies would immediately circulate it. It was said of Mrs. Baynton that she had been left in reduced means; had fallen from some high pedestal of wealth, through the death of her husband; that she lived in a perpetual state of mortification in consequence of her present poverty, and would not admit a single inhabitant of Deerham within her doors to witness it. It may have had as much truth in it as the greatest canard that ever flew: but Deerham promulgated it, Deerham believed in it, and the Bayntons never contradicted it. The best of all reasons, for this, may have been, that they never heard of it. They lived quietly on alone, interfering with nobody, and going out rarely. In appearance and manners they were gentlewomen, and rather haughty gentlewomen, too; but they kept no servant. How their work was done, Deerham could not conceive: it was next to impossible to fancy one of the ladies scrubbing a floor or making a bed. The butcher called for orders, and took in the meat, which was nearly always mutton-chop; the baker left his bread at the door, and the laundress was admitted inside the passage once a week.

The only other person admitted inside, was Dr. West. He had been called in, on their first arrival, to the invalid daughter—a delicate-looking lady who, when she did walk out, leaned on her sister's arm. Dr. West's visits grew frequent; they had continued frequent up to within a short period of the present time. Once or twice a week he called in, professionally; he would occasionally drop in for an hour in the evening. Some passers-by Chalk Cottage (it was what it was named) had contrived to stretch their necks over the high privet hedge which hid the lower part of the dwelling from the road, and were immensely gratified by the fact of seeing Dr. West in the parlor, seated at tea with the family. How the doctor was questioned, especially in the earlier period of their residence, he alone could tell. Who were they? Were they well connected, or ill connected, or not connected at all? Were they known to fashion? How much was really their income? What was the matter with the one whom he attended, the sickly daughter, and what was her name? The questions would have gone on till now, but that the doctor stopped them. He had not made impudent inquiries himself, he said, and had nothing at all to tell. The younger lady's complaint arose from disordered liver; he had no objection to tell them that: she had been so long a sufferer from it that the malady had suddenly ceased.

Only one had been bold enough to speak upon the subject personally to Dr. West. And that was the proud old baronet, Sir Rufus Hautley. He rode down to the doctor's house one day; and, leaving his horse with his groom, had a private interview with the doctor. That Dr. West must have contrived to satisfy him in some way, was undoubted. Rigidly severe and honorable, Sir Rufus would no more have countenanced wrong doing, than he would have admitted Dr. West again to his house, whether as doctor or as anything else, had he been guilty of it. But when Sir Rufus went away, Dr. West attended him to the door, and they parted cordially, Sir Rufus saying something to the effect that he was glad his visit had dispelled the doubt arising from these unpleasant rumors, and he would recommend Dr. West to inquire into their source, with a view of bringing their authors to punishment. Dr. West replied that he should make it his business to do so. Dr. West, however, did nothing of the sort: or if he did it, it was in strict privacy.

Jan sat one day astride on the counter in his frequent abiding place, the surgery. Jan had got a brass vessel before him, and was mixing certain powders in it, preparatory to some experiment in chemistry, Master Cheese performing the part of looker-on, his elbows, as usual, on the counter.

"I say, we had such a start here this morning," began young Cheese, as if the reconciliation had suddenly occurred to him. "It was while you had gone your round."

"What start was that?" asked Jan.

"Some fellow came here, and—I say, Jan," broke off young Cheese, "did you ever know that room had got a second entrance to it?"

He pointed to the door of the back room, a room which was used exclusively by Dr. West. He had been known to see patients there on rare occasions, but neither Jan nor young Cheese was ever admitted into it. It opened with a latch-key only.

"There is another door leading into it from the garden," replied Jan. "It's never opened. It has got all those lean-to boards piled against it."

"Is it never opened, then?" retorted Master Cheese. "You just hear. A fellow came poking his nose into the premises this morning, and Dr. West came out of it. Had Master Cheese witnessed the arrival of an inhabitant from the other world, introduced by the most privileged medium extant, he could not have experienced more intense astonishment. He had truly believed, as he had just expressed it, that Dr. West was at that moment a good mile away."

"Put your hat on, Cheese," said Dr. West. "Cheese put it on. Going into a perspiration at the same time. He thought nothing less but that he was about to be dismissed."

"Take this note up to Sir Rufus Hautley's."

It was a great relief, and Master Cheese



WESTOVER, NEAR HARRISON'S LANDING, LATE HEADQUARTERS OF GEN. FITZJOHN PORTER.

The above, engraved expressly for THE POST, from a picture in "Frank Leslie," represents Gen. Fitzjohn Porter's recent

Head Quarters on the James River.

had latterly become actually embarrassed, | walks off the castor oil. Presently he comes to that door. Where does this lead to? he said. A private room, said I, and please to keep your hands off it! Not he. He lays hold of the false knob, and shakes it, and turns it, and pushes the door, trying to open it. It was fast. Old West had come out of there before going out; and, catch him ever leaving that door open! I say, Jan, one would think he kept skeletons there!"

"Is that all?" asked Jan, alluding to the story.

"Wait a bit. The fellow put his big fist upon the latch key-hole—I think he must have been a feller of trees, I do—and his knee to the door, and he burst it open—Burst it open, Jan! you never saw such strength."

"I could burst any door open that I had a mind to," was the response of Jan.

"He burst it open," continued young Cheese, "and burst it against old West. You should have seen 'em stare! They both stared. I stared. I think the chap did not mean to do it; that he was only trying his strength for pastime. But now, Jan, the odd part of the business is, how did West get in? If there's not another door, he must have got down the chimney."

Jan went on with his compounding, and made no response.

"And if there is a door, he must have been mortal over it," resumed the young gentleman. "He must have gone right from here, and in at the side gate of the garden, and got in that way. I wonder what he did it for?"

"It isn't any business of ours," said Jan.

"Then I think it is," retorted Master Cheese. "I'd like to know how many times he has been in there, listening to us, when we thought him a mile off. It's a shame!"

"It's nothing to me who listens," said Jan, equably. "I don't say things behind people's backs, that I'd not say before their faces."

"I do," acknowledged young Cheese.

"Wasn't there row? Didn't he and the man go on at each other? They shut themselves up in that room, and had it out."

"What did the man want?" asked Jan.

"I'd like to know. He and old West had it out together, I say, but they didn't admit me to the conference. Goodness knows where he had come from. West seemed to know him. Jan, I heard something about him and the Chalk Cottage folks yesterday."

"You had better take yourself to a safe distance," advised Jan. "If this goes off with a bang, your face will come in for the benefit."

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they do without you? And now, Mr. Jan, as that is settled so far, we will sit down, and go further into details. I know I can depend upon your not mentioning this abroad."

"If you don't want me to mention it, you can. But where's the harm?"

"It is always well to keep these little arrangements private," said the doctor. "Matters will draw up the dead, and I will take you round and introduce you as my partner. But there need not be anything said beforehand. Neither need there be anything said at all about my going away, until I actually go. You will oblige me in this, Mr. Jan."

"It's all the same to me," said accomodating Jan. "Whose will be this room, then?"

"Yours to do as you please with, of course, so long as I am away."

"I'll have a turn-up bedstead put in and sleep here, then," quoth Jan. "When folks come in the night, and ring me up, I shall be handy. It'll be better than disturbing the house, as is the case now."

The doctor appeared struck with the proposition.

"I think it would be a very good plan, indeed," he said. "I don't fancy the room's damp."

"Not it," said Jan. "If it were damp, it wouldn't hurt me. I have no time to be ill, I haven't. Camp—Who's that?"

It was a visitor to the surgery—a patient of Dr. West's. And, for the time, the conference was broken up.

Not to be renewed until evening. Dr. West and Jan were both fully occupied all the afternoon. When business was over—as much so as a doctor's business ever can be over—Jan knocked at the door of this room, where Dr. West again was.

It was opened about an inch, and the face of the doctor appeared in the aperture, peering out to ascertain who it might be disturbing him. The same aperture which enabled him to see out, enabled Jan to see in.

"Why! what's up?" cried unceremonious Jan.

Jan might well ask it. The room contained a table, a desk or two, some receptacles for the custody of papers. All these were turned out, desks and drawers alike stood open, and their contents, a mass of papers, were scattered everywhere.

The doctor could not, in good manners, shut the door right in his proposed new partner's face. He opened it an inch or two more. His own face was purple; it wore a startled, perplexed look, and the drops of moisture had gathered on his forehead. That he was not in the most easy frame of mind, was evident.

Jan put one foot into the room; he could not put two, unless he had stepped over the strewn papers.

"What's the matter?" asked Jan, perceiving the signs of perturbation on the doctor's countenance.

"I have had a loss," said the doctor. "It's the most extraordinary thing, but—a partner, which was here this morning, I cannot find anywhere. I must find it!" he added in ill-suppressed agitation. "I'd rather lose everything I possess, than lose that."

"Where did you put it?" Where did you have it?" cried Jan, casting his eyes around.

"I kept it in a certain drawer," replied Dr. West, too much disturbed to be anything but straightforward. "I have not had it in my hand for—oh, I cannot tell how long—months and months, until this morning. I wanted to refer to it then, and got it out. I was looking it over when a rough, ill-bred fellow burst the door open."

"I heard of that," interrupted Jan. "Cheese told me."

"He burst the door open, and I put the paper back in its place before I spoke to him," continued Dr

"The very thing it put me in mind of," said Dr. West. "I'd rather—I'd rather have lost that collar, and it been miffed, than lose this, Mr. Jan."

Jan opened his eyes. Jan had a knack of opening his eyes when anything surprised him; invariably wide, too. "What paper was it, then?" he cried.

"It was a prescription," Mr. Jan.

"A prescription?" exasperated Jan, the answer not lessening his wonder. "That's not much. Isn't it in the book?"

"No, it is not in the book," said Dr. West. "It was my mistake to be in the book. You may look, Mr. Jan, but I mean what I say. This was a private prescription of inestimable value, a secret prescription, I may say. I would not have lost it for the whole world!"

(The doctor wiped the dew from his powdered forehead; the doctor strove unsuccessfully, to control his agitated voice to calmness. Jan could only stare. All this flew about a prescription!)

"Did it contain the secret for compounding Miss Eliza's?" asked he.

"It contained what was more to me than that," said Dr. West. "But you can't help me, Mr. Jan. I would rather be left to search alone."

"I hope you'll find it yet," returned Jan, taking the hint and retreating to the surgery.

"You must have overlooked it amongst some of those papers."

"I hope I shall," replied the doctor.

And he shut himself up to the search, and turned over the papers. But he never found what he had lost, although he was still turning and turning them at morning light.

CHAPTER XX.

AN UNPREDICTED ADVENTURE.

One dark morning, the beginning of November; in fact, it was the first morning of that gloomy month, Jan was busy in the surgery. Jan was arranging things there according to his own pleasure; for Dr. West had departed that morning early, and Jan was master of the field.

Jan had risen before. Never a staggard, he had been up now for some hours, had effected so great a metamorphosis in the surgery that the doctor himself would hardly have known it again; things in it previously never having been arranged to Jan's satisfaction.

And now he was looking at his watch to see whether breakfast time was coming on, Jan's hunger reminding him that it might be acceptable. He had not yet been into the house; his bedroom, now being the room you have heard of, the scene of the letter and of Dr. West's last prescription. The doctor had gone by the six o'clock train, after a cordial farewell to Jan, he had gone—as it was soon to turn out—without having previously informed his daughters. But of this Jan knew nothing.

"Twenty minutes past eight," quoth Jan, consulting his watch, a silver one, the size of a turban. Jan had bought it when he was poor; had given about two pounds for it, second-hand. It never occurred to Jan to buy a better one while that legacy of his was lying idle. Why should he? Jan's turban kept time to a moment, and Jan did not understand buying things for a show. "Ten minutes yet! I shall eat a double share of bacon this morning. Good morning, Miss Deb."

Miss Deb was stealing into the surgery with a scared look and a white face. Miss Deb wore her usual winter morning costume, a huge brown cape. She was of a shivery nature at the best of times, but she shivered palpably now.

"Mr. Jan, have you got a drop of ether?" asked she, her poor teeth chattering together. Jan was too goodnatured to tell Deetham those teeth were false, though Dr. West had betrayed the secret to Jan.

"Who is it for?" asked Jan. "For you? Aren't you well, Miss Deb? Eat some breakfast; that's the best thing."

"I have had a dreadful shock, Mr. Jan. I have had bad news. That is—what has been done to the surgery?" she broke off, casting her eyes around in wonder.

"Not much," said Jan. "I have been making some odds and ends of alterations. Is the news from Australia?" he continued, the open letter in his hand helping him to the suggestion. "A small dust."

Miss Deb shook her head. "It is from my father, Mr. Jan. The first thing I saw, upon going into the breakfast parlor, was this note for me, propped against the vase on the mantle piece. Mr. Jan—"dropping her voice to confidence—"it says he is gone! That he is gone away for an indefinite period."

"You don't mean to say he never told you of it before?" exclaimed Jan.

"I never heard a syllable from him," cried poor Deborah. "He says you'll explain to us as much as is necessary. You can read the note. Mr. Jan, where's he gone?"

Jan ran his eyes over the note; feeling himself probably in somewhat of a dilemma, as to how much or how little it might be expedient to explain.

"He thought some travelling might be beneficial to his health," said Jan. "He has got a rare good place as travelling doctor to some young chap of quality."

Miss Deborah was looking very hard at Jan. Something seemed to be on her mind, some great fear.

"He says he may not be back for ever so long to come, Mr. Jan."

"So he told me," said Jan.

"And is that the reason he took you into partnership?" Mr. Jan.

"Yes," said Jan. "Couldn't leave an assistant for an indefinite period."

"You will never be able to do all yourself. I little thought, when all this bustle and changing of bed-rooms was going on, what was up! You might have told me, Mr. Jan," she added, in a reproachful tone.

"It wasn't my place to tell you," returned Jan. "It was the doctor's, if anybody's."

Miss Deborah looked timidly round, and then sank her voice to a lower whisper.

"Mr. Jan, why has he gone away?"

"For his health," persisted Jan.

"They are saying—they are saying—Mr. Jan, what is that they are saying?"

"Jan held hold of the pestle and mortar, popped in a big lump of some hard-looking white substance, and began pounding away at it.

"What should I know anything about the ladies at Chalk Cottage?" asked he. "I never was inside their door; I never spoke to any one of 'em."

"But you know that things are being said," urged Miss Deborah, with almost feverish eagerness; "don't you?"

"Who told you anything was being said?"

"It was Master Cheese. Mr. Jan, folks have seemed queer lately. The servants have whispered together, and then have glanced at me and at Amilly, and I knew there was something wrong, but I could not get at it. This morning, when I picked up this note—it's not five minutes ago, Mr. Jan—in my fright and perplexity I shrieked out; and Master Cheese, he said something about Chalk Cottage."

"What did he say?" asked Jan.

Miss Deborah's pale face turned to crimson.

"I can't tell," she said. "I did not hear the words rightly. Master Cheese caught them up again. Mr. Jan, I have come to you to tell me."

Jan answered nothing. He was pounding very fiercely.

"Mr. Jan, I ought to know it," she went on. "I am not a child. If you please, I must repeat you to tell me."

"What are you shivering for?" asked Jan.

"I can't help it. Is—is it anything—that he can be taken up for?"

"Taken up!" replied Jan, ceasing from his pounding, and fixing his wide-open eyes on Miss Deborah. "Can I be taken up for doing this?"—and he brought down the pestle with such force as to threaten the destruction of the mortar.

"You'll tell me, please," she shivered.

"Well," said Jan, "if you must know it, the doctor had a misfortune."

"A misfortune? He. What misfortune? A misfortune at Chalk Cottage?"

Jan gravely nodded.

"And they were in an awful rage with him, and said he should pay expenses, and all that. And he wouldn't pay expenses: the chimney glass alone was twelve pound fifteen; and there was a regular quarrel, and they turned him out."

"But what was the nature of the misfortune?"

"He set the parlor chimney on fire."

Miss Deborah's lips parted with amazement; she appeared to find some difficulty in closing them again.

"Set the parlor chimney on fire! Mr. Jan!"

"Very careless of him," continued Jan, with composure. "He had no business to carry gunpowder about with him. Of course they won't believe but he flung it in purposely."

Miss Deborah could not gather her senses.

"Who won't?—the ladies at Chalk Cottage?"

"The ladies at Chalk Cottage," assented Jan. "If I saw all these bottles go to amazement through Cheese carrying about gunpowder in his trousers' pockets, I might go into a passion too, Miss Deb."

"Down her, Lucy!" he cried, shaking hands with her. "You wish me some where, I dare say, getting you up before your time."

"How I wish I dare ask him to come sooner than that to see us! But he might think it strange. I wonder he should not come! There's Christmas, there's Easter, and must have holiday then. A whole year, perhaps more; and not to see him!"

She passed out of the room and descended, her soft skirts of pink-sashed cashmere sweeping the staircase. You saw her in it the evening she first came to Lady Verner's. It had lain by almost ever since, and was now converted into a morning dress. The breakfast-room was empty. Instead of being belied her time, Lucy found she was before it. Lady Verner had not risen; she rarely did rise to breakfast; and Decima was in Lionel's room, busy over some of his things.

Lionel himself was the next to enter. His features broke into a glad smile when he saw Lucy. A fairer picture, she, Mr. Lionel Verner, than even that vision of loveliness which your mind has been pleased to make its ideal—Sibylla!

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"Very careless of him," continued Jan, with composure. "He had no business to carry gunpowder about with him. Of course they won't believe but he flung it in purposely."

Miss Deborah could not gather her senses.

"Who won't?—the ladies at Chalk Cottage?"

"The ladies at Chalk Cottage," assented Jan. "If I saw all these bottles go to amazement through Cheese carrying about gunpowder in his trousers' pockets, I might go into a passion too, Miss Deb."

"Down her, Lucy!" he cried, shaking hands with her. "You wish me some where, I dare say, getting you up before your time."

"How I wish I dare ask him to come sooner than that to see us! But he might think it strange. I wonder he should not come! There's Christmas, there's Easter, and must have holiday then. A whole year, perhaps more; and not to see him!"

He set the parlor chimney on fire."

Miss Deborah's lips parted with amazement; she appeared to find some difficulty in closing them again.

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THE NORTH CAROLINA ELECTION.—If the Richmond papers can be believed, the Unionist of Vance, the new Governor of North Carolina, is of rather a doubtful character, inasmuch as he is reported to have said, in his inaugural address, that the people of North Carolina must "stand by the Government until the last vestige of thralldom is driven from the soil"—meaning by "thralldom," we suppose, the rule of the Federal authorities.

AN APPROPRIATE NAME.—The Memphis correspondent of a Chicago paper, who was recently arrested for the mendacious messages he sent north relative to the ten iron gunboats received by the rebels from England, &c., is appropriately named Isham (I sham).

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

EDWIN BROTHERTON. By THEODORE WINTHROP, author of "Cecil Drewe" and "John Brent." Ticknor & Fields, Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

This third and last of the posthumously published novels of Theodore Winthrop, bears unmistakable traces of the same liveliness of narrative and graphic powers of description which have so impressed the public in "Cecil Drewe" and "John Brent," but bears no comparison with the real force and depth of those works. Besides the almost inevitable loss of resemblance incident to a story of the life of a hundred years ago,—the translation from the things which an author has seen and known to those which he has read and dreamed of,—the plot is not an agreeable one, and the characters are rather sketchy in outline than painted with firm, free hand. Edwin Brotherton, the descendant of a line of colonial magnates, each of whom has had in life "one office, to be the type gentleman of his time," is a delicate and evanescent, though pleasing portrait. His Hi-chosen wife stands out from the canvas in her coarse and wicked beauty the more vividly by the very force of what is worst in her. Lucy, the maiden heroine, is little more than a fair shade, and Major Peter Skerritt's most prominent point is his chestnut-leaf moustache. The old negro, Voltaire, is perhaps the best of all the characters, though the author's stubborn determination not to allow his specimen negro to "talk Tomahbee" as he phrases it, deprives him of the piquant individuality resulting from a peculiar dialect. It is only when Voltaire drops into "nigger lingo" that he is truly delightful.

The story is one of Revolutionary times, and buff-and-blue and scarlet uniforms flourish in its pages. Characters with whose names every one is familiar, are frequently introduced, but the description often presents them under an entirely new light.

Winthrop's Washington is a jolly good fellow, who jokes with his "boys," as he calls his aides de camp, and takes repartees from them in return; "not," says the author, indignantly, "the stilted prig that modern muffs have made him." His Andre, on the other hand, is a coxcomb, a petit maître, a gentleman in neither heart nor manner, "a Jack of all nairs and graces." A strange description of the hero-martyr for whom so many fair eyes have wept in all these years, but it may be nearer the truth than the generally received one.

In speaking of the lack of interest in this story, it is only meant to compare it with its two predecessors. It is, in spite of the falling-off alluded to, anything but commanding. On the contrary, if we should name a fault in its style it would be that its liveliness sometimes verges on bounce and splutter. In this respect we are often reminded by it of the writings of Charles Reade.

This is, we believe, the last of the works left in the publisher's hands at the time of Winthrop's death, except the series of articles now publishing in the Atlantic Monthly under the title of "Life in the Open Air." It is no wonder that their number, and the singular circumstance of works of such merit finding no publisher during their author's life, should arouse suspicion that some anonymous writer is introducing his works under Major Winthrop's name; even though the style of that of the "Seventh Regiment" article, which was the commencement of its author's literary fame. The enigma of their production has never been explained to the public, but we presume there is really no doubt as to the identity of their author with the gallant young soldier whose untimely death has been so widely deplored.

THE POEMS OF ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH, with a Memoir by Charles Eliot Norton. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

EPITAPH ON A HERMIT.

From the *Grenada Appeal* (a rebel paper), Aug. 13, 1862.

Every day, as well as every indication from the North, serves to impress upon us not only the importance, but the absolute necessity, of a formidable forward movement of our armies, and the repossessing of our lost ground, before the forces of the enemy shall be strengthened by overrunning power by the new levies. There is no longer any room to doubt that Lincoln will very speedily get all the troops he has called for, and to resist successfully their overrunning our country will tax the patriotism as well as the bravery and muscle of our people. The South should—say, must—put forth all her available strength, to check the advance of the Northern hordes that will be hurled upon us the coming fall.

As yet the people have only had a foretaste of the troops. The horrors and miseries are yet in store for them, if the Yankees in redoubled force, are permitted to march in and infest our country. They threaten to, and if not prevented by the strong arm of our brave men, will come down upon us with overwhelming power, marching from the northern border of the Confederacy to the Gulf of Mexico.

We do not wish to excite the fears of our people, but we do wish to warn them in time, in order that they may provide against the disasters threatened them. The North has as yet taxed lightly her energies and her resources, especially her resources in men.

In view of the state of affairs here foreshadowed, it behoves the South, without delay, to throw into the field every available man within her borders, make a bold push for the northern boundary of our territory, meet the enemy at the threshold, and thus save our homes and country from further pillage and devastation. Supineness and inaction now are the sure precursors of subjugation and ruin.

THE DRAFT IN PENNSYLVANIA.—Gov. Curtin confidently expects to make arrangements to allow each district of the state a reasonable time to furnish its quota of troops in volunteers, and thus obviate the draft entirely. As soon as the enrollment is completed and returned the quota of each county, township, precinct and borough will be ascertained, together with the credit each is entitled to for men in the service. Having ascertained the number of men to be drafted in each subdivision of each county, an opportunity and a reasonable time will be given to furnish the quota as volunteers.

The draft was postponed till the 15th of September to afford ample time for these arrangements. It is expected that the quota of each county and sub-divisions can be ascertained by the 5th of September.

THE APPOINTMENT.—The following is the apportionment of the militia to be drafted into the service of the U. S. Government, under the recent requisition of the President for 300,000 militiamen from the several states, as follows:

Pennsylvania, 45,321; New York, 59,705; Ohio, 36,838; Illinois, 26,148; Massachusetts, 19,080; Indiana, 21,230; Wisconsin, 11,904; Virginia, 4,650; Vermont, 4,898; Rhode Island, 2,715; Connecticut, 7,145; Delaware, 1,730; Iowa, 10,570; Maine, 9,690; Maryland, 8,522; Michigan, 11,680; Minnesota, 2,684; New Hampshire, 6,665; New Jersey, 10,475; Missouri, 8,521; Tennessee, 4,800; Kansas, 1,710.

ORDERED BACK.—The U. S. Frigate New Ironsides has been ordered back to Philadelphia from her expedition to Fortress Monroe. Captain Turner has made a very favorable report as to the good qualities of the vessel, but objects to being sent to sea without her spars. The Ironsides had her spars removed for an expected emergency in James River, at City Point, and that has passed off, the Navy Department has concluded to send her home to take in her spars, and then send her further south. This alone is the purpose of her return hither.

Some of our contemporaries, says the Boston Journal, speak of the reply of President Lincoln to Mr. Greeley's letter as "unprecedented" in the conduct of rulers. This is hardly true. Some three years and a half ago, the Emperor Napoleon replied to the attacks of the English press upon his policy and his intention toward England, in a letter to Sir Francis Head. And that letter, although addressed to an individual, was written for the Navy Department, and that has passed off, the Navy Department has concluded to send her home to take in her spars, and then send her further south. This alone is the purpose of her return hither.

The English Government has at present in course of construction no less than 50 iron plated ships of war of various dimensions, from 50 guns to 3; and 14 alone are of 70,000 tonnage, carrying 500 Armstrong guns! All these vessels will soon be in a fit state for launching. Independently of these 50 vessels, England has afloat nearly 1,000 ships of war.

OFFICIAL DISPATCH FROM GEN. POPE.

One Thousand Prisoners Captured.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 29.—The following dispatch from General Pope has been received:

MANASSAS JUNCTION, Aug. 28, 10 P. M.

To Major-General H. W. Halleck, General in Chief.—As soon as I discovered that a large force of the enemy was turning our right towards Manassas, and that the division I had ordered to take post there, two days before, had not yet arrived there from Alexandria, I immediately broke up my camps at Warrenton Junction and Warrenton, and marched rapidly back in three columns.

I directed McDowell, with his own and Sigel's corps, and Reno's division, to march upon Gainesville by the Warrenton and Alexandria pike; Reno and one division of Heintzelman to march on Greenwich; and, with Porter's corps and Hooker's division, I marched back to Manassas Junction. McDowell was ordered to interpose between the forces of the enemy, which had passed down to Manassas through Gainesville, and his main body, which was moving down from White Plains through Thoroughfare Gap. This was completely accomplished.

Longstreet, who had passed through the gap, was driving back to the west side. The forces sent to Greenwich were designed to support McDowell in case he met too large a force of the enemy.

The division of Hooker, marching towards Manassas, came upon the enemy near Kettle Run, on the afternoon of the 27th, and after a sharp action routed them completely, killing and wounding 300, and capturing their camp, and baggage, and many stands of arms.

This morning the command pushed rapidly to Manassas Junction, which Jackson had evacuated three hours in advance. He retreated by way of Centreville, and took the turnpike towards Warrenton.

He was met when six miles west of Centreville by McDowell and Sigel.

Last afternoon a severe fight took place, which has been terminated by the darkness.

The enemy was driven back at all points; and thus the affair rests.

Heintzelman's corps will move on him at daylight, from Centreville, and I do not see how he is to escape without heavy loss.

We have captured a thousand prisoners, many arms, and one piece of artillery.

JOHN POPE, Major-General.

PUSH NORTHWARD.

From the *Grenada Appeal* (a rebel paper), Aug. 18, 1862.

Every day, as well as every indication from the North, serves to impress upon us not only the importance, but the absolute necessity, of a formidable forward movement of our armies, and the repossessing of our lost ground, before the forces of the enemy shall be strengthened by overrunning power by the new levies. There is no longer any room to doubt that Lincoln will very speedily

get all the troops he has called for, and to resist successfully their overrunning our country will tax the patriotism as well as the bravery and muscle of our people.

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In view of the state of affairs here foreshadowed, it behoves the South, without delay, to throw into the field every available man within her borders, make a bold push for the northern boundary of our territory, meet the enemy at the threshold, and thus save our homes and country from further pillage and devastation. Supineness and inaction now are the sure precursors of subjugation and ruin.

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OF HOT WATER.

BY ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.

It has been said that "An Englishman is never happy but when he is miserable; a Scotchman never at home but when he is abroad; and an Irishman never at peace but when he is fighting."

Certainly it is that there are some persons (both Irish and others) who delight in *life in hot water*,—who seem to enjoy themselves in the midst of perpetual contests. And if a man is always in hot water, there is some presumption that he is either one of these, or else so injudicious in his measures as to provoke hostility. But a presumption does not imply full proof, nor even a strong probability. It only throws the burden of proof on to the opposite side. It may be called on to show how it can be that, without being of a pugnacious disposition, he may yet be often in hot water. And this, I think, may be shown.

(1.) A man in public life who belongs to no party, and openly avows his disapprobation of parties, will be likely to incur the怨恨 of all party men; who are a large portion of mankind.

It is remarked by Thucydides, in writing of the civil contests in Greece, that those who steered a middle course were destroyed by both parties, in resentment at their not joining them, or from grudging them an escape.

This is one way in which a peacefully disposed man may incur hostility.

(2.) If he attempts to make peace between those who are contending, he is likely to incur the Scotch proverb, that "the riddler gets ay the worst stroke in the fray." If he decides completely in the favor of one of the parties, he will, of course, have the other against him; and if he perceives that each party is somewhat to blame, though somewhat less so than their opponents represent, he will be likely to have both of them upon him. For those who are engaged in a contest are apt to see no evil on their own side, and no good on their opponents'.

(3.) If he is an enemy to jobs and abuses of all kinds, he will incur the hostility of all those (and they are not a few) who from these derive some advantage. And he will probably be disliked, not only by those whom he has immediately to deal with, but also by others who may suspect that their turn will come next; even as pickpockets, when not actually detected, hate the sight of a policeman; and thus detect their emptiness.

(4.) A large portion of mankind have something of shame about them; something of disguise or pretension, and profession of one motive while another, the real one, is suppressed. All such persons feel an instinctive aversion and dread towards any one whom they believe to be through them. They remind one of a sort of fairies of Scandinavian mythology, who had the appearance of beautiful damsels, and endeavored to allure an cautious stranger, but, in reality, wore hollow like masks, and where therefore most cautious not to let any get behind them, and thus detect their emptiness.

(5.) Any one who is so far ahead of his age as to foresee future dangers, and difficulties, and needs, that are overlooked by most of his neighbors, will be almost sure to be vehemently denounced by them as dangerous innovator, for proposing pecuniary steps, and if anything does take place which he had predicted and forwarded them, of they will perhaps be even the more displeased with him on account of the superior foresight which he has displayed, which they feel as a kind of reproach to themselves.

From any of these causes, and much more from all of them combined, it may happen that a peaceful man will often be in hot water.

MIASM.

The scourge of camps, especially in the fall of year, is an emanation from the surface of the earth, most virulently poisonous at sunset and sunrise, throughout the United States, the more southward, and is called "Miasma," sometimes more specifically, "Marsh Miasma." Formerly, (and perhaps now,) the steps of St. Peter's, at Rome, were covered every night with sleeping harpies, who spent the day in cutting and gathering the grass and grain in the Pontine and other marshes, and broad flat, damp fields, around the Eternal City, because, ignorant and degraded as they are, they know that to sleep in those fields, even under cover, is certain sickness, and in thousands of cases death itself in a few days, by malignant fevers or wasting bowel complaints. The noisome fumes or carbonic acids are pure polar winds, in comparison to the deadly effects of a marshy atmosphere, which, while it is being breathed, appears so deliciously cool and fresh and pure, that scientific intelligence can scarcely (and often does fail to) break the victim away from the fatal spell. But miasma is under certain laws, and medical investigation has ascertained with certainty several of these, and the means by which this invisible but deadly agency, may be deprived of its power to harm or to destroy. In ordinary circumstances, in our latitudes, persons may sleep out of doors in diabolical districts, without injury, if between the times of an hour or so after sunset, and as long before sunrise, until near the succeeding sunset, being the day-time, it is not hurtfully present. It is only for the hour or two, including sunrise and sunset, from August until November, or two or three good frosts, that miasma should be most on guard against which is always and suddenly and suddenly fatal.

(6.) A lady patroness of the Almack's, at the time when trowsers were beginning to supersede the immemorial knee-breeches issued an edict or proclamation, which ran textually and literally thus:—"No gentleman will be admitted without breeches." This alone is the purpose of her return hither.

Some of our contemporaries, says the Boston Journal, speak of the reply of President Lincoln to Mr. Greeley's letter as "unprecedented" in the conduct of rulers. This is hardly true. Some three years and a half ago, the Emperor Napoleon replied to the attacks of the English press upon his policy and his intention toward England, in a letter to Sir Francis Head. And that letter, although addressed to an individual, was written for the Navy Department, and that has passed off, the Navy Department has concluded to send her home to take in her spars, and then send her further south. This alone is the purpose of her return hither.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, SEPTEMBER 6, 1862.

TWO SUMMERS.

Last summer, when about the sky
Blossoms the summaurous days,
We wandered slowly, you and I,
Down these lovely forest ways,

With laugh and song and sportive speech,
And mirthful tales of earlier years,
Though deep within the soul of each
Lay thoughts too sorrowful for tears,

Because—I mocked it many a time—
The sun grew slower day by day,
And where I did not fear to climb
You passed to find an easier way.

And all the while a boding fear
Pressed hard and heavy on my heart;
Yet still with words of hope and cheer
I bade the gathering grief depart.

Saying.—When next these purple bells
And those red sunflowers return,—
When woods are full of piny smells,
And this faint fragrance of the fern,—

“When the wild white wood’s bright surprise
Looks up from all the strawberry plain,
Like thousands of astonished eyes,—
Dear child, you will be well again!”

Again the marvellous days are here;
Warm on my cheek the sunshine burns,
And sedged birds chirp, and far and near
Floats the strange sweetness of the fern.

But down these ways I walk alone,
Tearless, companionless, and dumb,—
Or rest upon this way-side stone,
To wait for one who does not come.

Yet all is even as I foretold;
The summer shines on wave and wild,
The fern is fragrant as of old,
And you are well again, dear child!

—Atlantic Monthly.

AN OBJECT OF INTEREST.

[We find the following among the selections of one of our exchanges. It is worth giving credit for, if we knew to whom credit was due.]

“Oh, Alice,” said a silly girl to me, one day clasping both her hands in a sort of the-are-folks-fashion, “if I could only be an object of interest! I’m sure there is foundation enough. Wasn’t I born in the almshouse, where half the heroines of novels are born; then when I was fourteen, didn’t Mrs. Green take me and keep me till she died? Oh, Alice, such a beautiful life as I led there! She used to rise about noon, like lady Arabella Seraphina, in the ‘Widowed Heart,’ and as soon as she was dressed she sent for me to read to her, and we read the most entrancing novels until bedtime. Sometimes when we had one that was very interesting, we sat up till two or three o’clock. She told me she was sure I had a history. Oh, if I could only find out what it is! I don’t get much time to read here.”

“So much the better,” said I, “your head has enough trash in it now, I imagine.”

“Oh, Alice, if you only had a soul above your station!”

I was mad. To have this little brat of an almshouse chit telling me that my station was low! I who only took the place of child’s nurse because my chaw was too weak for me to keep at dress-making. So I answered her rather sharply. “If you fill your station properly, you won’t have time to be making remarks about other people’s.”

She didn’t notice my dignity, but went on sorting the children’s clothes for the wash, and talking away: “My station! Oh, Alice, I am convinced that I was not born to be a nursery maid; I feel a moving spirit within me that says: ‘Jennie, you will be a great lady.’ But I don’t care for that; if I can only be interesting! Oh, Alice, if I was only the maid in ‘The Maid and the Magpie’! Think of being incarcerated in a dungeon on a false charge, and finally having your innocence proved, and everybody looking at you, shaking hands with you, and offering their congratulations. Oh, Alice!”

And down went the baby’s apron for the hand clapping performance.

“If you think a dungeon so lovely, you had better steal some spoons,” I said.

“Steal! But then I would only be a captain thief. Besides, Alice, what would become of the conscious innocence that supported the maid? I don’t mind being poor a bit; heroines always have to be poor sometime in their lives; but I have liked to play the piano, or do something like that. You see in the nursery I have no chance; if I was a governess now, with deep mourning dresses fitting my exquisite figure to perfection; or an authoress who goes to the publisher, and lifting a veil, discloses features of bewilderling loveliness; or a teacher whose graceful figure fits lightly down the street to her day’s toll—there might be a chance; but who ever comes after a heroine in the nursery? I do my best when I take Miss Nettie out for a walk, but nobody seems to notice my fair curls or fair complexion; it’s banal and chalk thrown away.”

“You are throwing the muslins into the pile of colored clothes.”

“I’m sure I’m mental abstraction enough for a library of heroines,” said Jennie, gathering up the pile of clothes, and marching off to the kitchen. And this was only one specimen of that girl’s ruling passion. She was pretty; had a little, graceful figure, with big blue eyes and lots of light hair, with a pale complexion which would have been pretty if she hadn’t sent all the color out of it by eating slate pencils and chalk, and drinking vinegar. Mrs. Green, a silly old woman, who had taken her for a maid, had filled the child’s head with novels till she had pretty well driven out all the sense there had ever been in it. She was nearly eighteen when the old lady died and my mistress, Mrs. Green’s niece, Mrs. Wood, took Jennie for a nursery maid. Such a life as she led!

First of all, she insisted upon wearing

all her mass of tow-colored hair in long curly flying all around her, because Mrs. Green had said it reminded her of Sophonisba Araminta Monticello, in the “Love-Lorn Shepherd.” After the baby had hauled out some fistfuls of it, and she had caught it in each lock and handle in the nursery closets and drawers, caught it on fire once in the gas-light, hung suspended by it when jumping down from a chair, after getting a bale from the top of the wardrobe and catching her hair there in its place, having me shut it once in a closet door, while she was sitting down, and leave the room for two hours while she had to sit still or drag all her curly out by the roots, upsetting a bucket of water all over her by catching a curl in it as it stood on the table, and encountering various other mishaps of a like kind, she finally consented to turn it up with a comb, and wear it smooth like a Christian. Then the mania she had for novels; our young ladies couldn’t lay one down for five minutes but she had taken it and dropped down, no matter where, to read. Once I found her curled all up on the sofa, the baby’s clean clothes dumped down on the floor, and Miss Jennie crying her eyes out over the “Crazy Maid of Belfast.” Next day she varied the performance by sitting down on a frying-pan turned upside down, in the kitchen, to devour, she said, “The Count of Monte Cristo.” Then she found “The Mystery of Udolpho,” and used to scream if the candle went out, and nearly squeeze me to death, night, with terror if a mouse squeaked. With her head in a novel and her mind after it, she would iron the fine things with flatirons nearly red hot, scorching them black, or scrape the flannels into creases with old ones. She would put Willie’s trowsers on Nettie and Nettie’s bonnet on Willie; and then, if I remonstrated, say: “Oh, dear, I was wishing Miss Fannie would finish the second volume of ‘Great Expectations.’ I’m dying to know who Miss Havisham is. Oh, Alice, think how deliciously romantic to wear your wedding garments for twenty years!”

“It may be very romantic, but it is particularly nasty,” I said, and the only answer I got was the information that I had no soul.

One day, hearing a dreadful cry in the nursery while I was busy down stairs, I went up. There sat Miss Jennie, with all her hair pulled down, and her night gown on over her petticoats, squatted all down in the corner of the fireplace, glaring like a maniac. Willie, half dressed, was cutting his coat to pieces with my scissors; and Nettie, all ready for a walk, was screaming with terror at Jennie’s antics.

“Are you crazy, girl?” I said angrily.

“Oh, Alice! do I look crazy? I thought I would just try how it would seem to do the scene in the ‘Bride of Lammermoor,’ when Lucy goes frantic. Mrs. Green often used to dress me like the heroines, and let me do scenes, but here, my soul starves for its wonted food.”

I was too angry to laugh, and for the first time I boxed her ears.

“A blow! Tyrant, beware!” she cried, striking an attitude.

She was evidently so tickled at the idea of being ill-treated, that I would not give her the satisfaction of being a martyr, and sent her to change her dress and get ready to take the children out. Doing scenes was one of her favorite amusements. She nearly strangled Willie in one of her tantrums, by taking him by the throat, saying she was defying Rinaldo in the ‘Pirate’s Victim, and poor little Nettie she took for a footstool, and threw herself despairingly right on the top of her, as Leontine in the Maid of the Haunted Barnyard. At first I let her give the children their meals, but after she sugared their eggs, put molasses in their soup, made them sick by letting them eat a whole jar of jam at one luncheon, broke a whole waltz of crockery by starting at a slight noise, poured a whole pitcher of water on Willie’s head instead of into his cup, pinned Nettie’s napkin to the table cloth instead of round her neck, spread a pound of butter on a small piece of cake, and wiped Willie’s mouth with a hair brush, I took care of their meals myself. Then I gave her the care of the washing and ironing. That was no better. She starched the flannels till they were as stiff as boards, made the pocket handkerchiefs like a shirt front by the same process, squeezed the indigo till all the white clothes were bright blue, and then took out that tinge by scorching them a lively brown.

It was of no manner of use to complain. Mrs. Green had left her five hundred dollars, to be paid when she was married or came of age, and she made the care of Jennie until that time. Mrs. Wood’s charge by the conditions of her will, so Mrs. Wood turned her over to me, and a nice time I had of it.

At last she fell in love! All that had gone before was a mere trifle to what came now. She met the man whom she persisted in calling her fate, in the street, while she was walking with the children. Margaret, the cook, insisted upon it that it was the baker’s boy, but Jennie scorned the suggestion. No, he was a gentleman born, now in reduced circumstances, whose heart went out to her when they met. Our conversations now were something after this pattern:

“Jennie, you are spilling that milk all over the floor!”

“Oh, Alice, such eyes!”

“Take care, Jennie, you’ll drop the baby into the fire!”

“Oh, such a moustache, so black, so silky, and such teeth!”

“Jennie, you are brushing Willie’s hair with the back of the brush!”

“I wish you could see him, Alice! Such hair, and expression! Such an altogether!”

“Jennie, don’t you hear how baby is screaming? You are running the pin right into the child!”

“Oh, Alice, he is just like Rupert of Castle Rock!”

“Jennie, you are choking Nettie to death, drawing her scarf so tight!”

“Oh, Alice, I am all impatience to get out. He promised to finish the forty-first canto of

his poem and repeat it to me to-day. Oh how he does quote!”

This was my last day of trial. The children came home alone, and crept into the nursery, very much terrified, having been found by a policeman in the Navy Yard where they had wandered after Jennie left them. Fortunately, Willie had been taught to repeat his name and address, so they were brought directly home.

There was some company in the evening, old friends of Mrs. Wood’s, and the children were ordered down into the parlor after tea. As Jenie had not yet made her appearance, I went with them. We were all listening to Nettie sing one of her little songs, when bang! went the parlor door, and Jennie rushed in, the tow-colored hair all flying, her bonnet hanging by the strings, her shawl trailing behind her, and her dress generally looking as if somebody had thrown it at her. She rushed at Mrs. Wood, and fell down on her knees screaming—

“Pardon. Pity and forgive me!” and then she rumped her hair all up, and glared at us in turn.

Mrs. Wood did not know about the children so she said in an astonished tone—

“What does all this mean?”

“Mean? Love! Hopeless love! I know my fault, let love be my excuse.”

“What ails you? Are you demented, girl?”

“Would you have passion listen to the voice of prudence? We loved! Stern fate would forbid our nuptials! We are one!”

“In the name of common sense what does all this mean?” said Mr. Wood, coming forward.

As he spoke, a tall, really handsome young man stepped from the entry into the room.

“It means, sir, that this lady is my wife. She has informed me that her fortune is in your hands, and fearing your opposition we were privately married to-day. As your ward—”

“My ward, sir! That girl is my nursery-maid!”

It was the young man’s turn to glare, which he did; but when Mr. Wood informed him that Jennie could receive her five hundred dollars by calling at his office in the morning, he cooled down, and taking Jennie by the hand, said,

“Come, my love, we will go!”

“Farewell!” cried Jennie. “Farewell, my benefactress! Farewell, friend and counselor of my wayward youth! (this was to me). Farewell, ye cherubs, whose rosy slumbers I have watched; whose waking joys I have shared. Farewell, scenes and haunts of my youth! A long, long farewell!” And then with another scream she fainted in her husband’s arm, who carried her into the hall.

“I’m glad she’s gone,” said Willie: “She always washed my nose up.”

I saw her a few moments later, smoothing her hair and arranging her dress, apparently very well satisfied with her play-actor speech.

Well, well, it was better than a month after, when one day the nursery-door opened, and Jennie came in. She was so pale, and seemed so quiet and subdued that I scarcely knew her.

“Alice,” she said, humbly, “do you think Mrs. Wood would let me come back if I try to do better?”

“Why, Jennie, girl,” I said, kindly, for her eyes were full of tears, “what’s wrong?”

“It is all wrong, Alice, and all my own folly to blame for it. The day I went from her, Edgar, my husband I mean, for I ain’t sure that is his real name, persuaded me to go to England with him. He said he was a gentleman there, and would make me a lady. So I gave him my money, and we went to New York to wait for a steamer. All my things were sent on board and we were to sail last weekend. We were on the wharf, and the people were all on board, but he kept saying there was no hurry, and talking and chatting till they pulled in the plank; then he cried—

“Good bye, Jennie; thank you for the cash,” and jumped aboard.

“Leaving you!” I cried.

“Yes. I couldn’t jump, you know. He’s gone, and taken all my money, except one five dollar bill, and that just brought me home.”

Then I gave her the care of the washing and ironing. That was no better. She starched the flannels till they were as stiff as boards, made the pocket handkerchiefs like a shirt front by the same process, squeezed the indigo till all the white clothes were bright blue, and then took out that tinge by scorching them a lively brown.

It was of no manner of use to complain. Mrs. Green had left her five hundred dollars, to be paid when she was married or came of age, and she made the care of Jennie until that time. Mrs. Wood’s charge by the conditions of her will, so Mrs. Wood turned her over to me, and a nice time I had of it.

At last she fell in love! All that had gone before was a mere trifle to what came now. She met the man whom she persisted in calling her fate, in the street, while she was walking with the children. Margaret, the cook, insisted upon it that it was the baker’s boy, but Jennie scorned the suggestion. No, he was a gentleman born, now in reduced circumstances, whose heart went out to her when they met. Our conversations now were something after this pattern:

“Jennie, you are an object of interest.”

“Oh, Alice, don’t, don’t say those hateful words to me. If I had only minded my work and let novel reading alone I never would have fallen into such a scrape. I will try, indeed, I will, to do better if Mrs. Wood will take me back.”

Search the world over now, and you will not find a tidier, handier little maid than Jennie, the object of interest.

“And she doesn’t wash my nose up any more!” adds Willie.

HERE’S THE BOWER.

Here’s the bower she loved so much,
And here’s the tree she planted;

Here’s the harp she used to touch,
Oh, how that touch enchanted!

Roses now unheeded sigh,

Where’s the hand to wreath them?

Songs around neglected lie,

Where’s the lips to breathe them?

Spring may bloom, but she we loved

Ne’er shall feel its sweet ness;

Time that once so sweetly moved

Now has lost its fleet ness;

Years were days when here she strayed,

Days were moments near her;

Heaven ne’er formed a brighter maid,

Nor pity wept a dearer.

Every note of music we ever heard,

every voice that ever breathed into our bosom and played upon its instrument, the heart, only wafted us on a little to the tomb; but if we did its mission well, it not only brought us nearer, but made us fitter for rest and after life.

“Oh, Alice, he is just like Rupert of Castle Rock!”

“Jennie, you are choking Nettie to death, drawing her scarf so tight!”

“Oh, Alice, I am all impatience to get out.

He promised to finish the forty-first canto of

LOST CHILDREN.

The following beautiful passage, in regard to the future condition of children, is from the pen of Henry Ward Beecher:

“When God gives me a babe, I say, ‘I thank God for this lamp lit in my family.’ And when, after it has been a light in my household for two or three years, it pleases God to take it away, I can take the cup, bitter or sweet; I can say, ‘My light has gone out; my heart is sacked; my hopes are desolate; my child is lost—my child is lost!’ Or, I can say in the spirit of Job, ‘The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.’ It has pleased God to take five children from me, but I never lost one and never shall. When I have a child Christ covets, with a divine coveting, and He says to me, in words of tenderness, ‘Will you not give me the child, and let me take care of it, instead of yourself?’ my flesh may remonstrate, but my heart says, ‘Lord, take it and adopt it.’ I have lived long enough since the taking away of

HE LEADS HIS OWN.

"I will lead them in paths that they have not known."—Isa. xlii. 16.

How few, who, from their youthful day,
Look on to what their life may be,
Painting the visions of the way.

In colors soft, and bright, and free;
How few, who to such paths have brought
The hopes and dreams of early thought!
For God through ways they have not known,
Will lead his own.

The eager hearts, the souls of fire,
Who pant to toll for God and man,
And view with eyes of keen desire.
The upward way of toil and pain;
Almost with scorn they think of rest,
Of holy calm, of tranquil breast—
But God, through ways they have not known,
Will lead his own.

A lowlier task on them is laid—
With love to make the labor light;

And there their beauty they must shed
On quiet homes, and lost to sight.
Changed are their visions high and fair,
Yet calm and still they labor there;

For God, through ways they have not known,
Will lead his own.

The gentle heart that thinks with pain
It scarce can lowest task fulfill;
And if it dared life to scan,
Would ask but pathway low and still;
Often such lowly heart is brought
To act with power beyond its thought;
For God, through ways they have not known,
Will lead his own.

And they the bright who long to prove,
In joyous path, in cloudless lot,
How fresh from earth their grateful love
Can spring without a stain or spot,
Often such youthful heart is given

The path of grief to walk to Heaven;
For God, through ways they have not known,
Will lead his own.

What matter where the path may be!
The end is clear, and bright to view.

We know that we a strength shall see,
Whate'er the day may bring to do.
We see the end, the house of God,
But not the path to that abode;
For God, through ways they have not known,
Will lead his own.

DEBTOR AND CREDITOR.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

"How I wish father was here now," said Mrs. Smith looked complacently at the pan of cream-biscuits she had just drawn from the oven. "I've had such good luck with these, and he's so fond of them, too. Run, Jimmie; run down to the gate, child, and see if he isn't coming. I do hate, of all things, to have cream-biscuit wait, and these are nice;" and she turned them from the dripping-pan on to a side-table, and broke them up.

They did indeed look tempting, so light and white, with such delicate shade of amber-brown on their crusts. When the last one was piled on the plate, a most appetizing odor diffused itself over the old farm-kitchen—an odor that would have made a dyspeptic sigh as he broke in halves his hard brown crackers. Covering them with a towel, fresh from the drawer, she set them on the tea-table, and then resting a hand on each hip, surveyed it carefully, to see if all was there.

It was a genuine old-fashioned Yankee table, such a one as makes our mouth water only to remember, with a homespun linen cloth, snowy as dried flakes, and yet in its Sunday creases; with a quaint mulberry-colored tea-set; tiny silver spoons that had grown thin with the handling of three generations, and horn-handled knives and forks, scoured to a mirror-brightness. Cream for the morning milk floated in the little pitcher; pure maple-sugar filled the bowl; a pat of butter, golden as the wheat sheaf that was stamped upon it, was flanked on the one side by a ball of new Dutch-cheese, and on the other by a plate of pickles, green and crisp as though fresh from the vines; a quart bowl, just beside the biscuits, held circular slices of beets, tinged the vinegar with the crimson-purple of claret wine; opposite was another, with elder applesauce, each great mellow quarter, mellow to the heart, yet perfect in shape, while the four corners of the table bore proudly the pies and cakes; pumpkin-pie, ruddy as the old brick oven in which it had been baked; apple-pie, with upper-crust that dropped into flakes as you cut it; cookies, with caraway seeds in them for flavoring; and doughnuts, brown as a berry on the outside, and creamy-white in their centres.

"Yes, I believe I've got all; now, if he would only come!" and she turned to the fire-place, and lifted the tea-kettle from the hook, and set it on a warm corner of the ample hearth.

"He's coming, mother; he's 'most here," cried Jimmie, "a great bag of nuts, all mixed up, walnuts and butternuts and chestnuts. I reckon they'll make little Moll open her eyes."

"Yes, indeed, child, the dear knows I will; but run, now, and wash your face and hands, and call Susan to set the chairs up. I'll make the tea in a hurry."

"Supper all ready! Well, I'm glad of it; for I tell you what, mother, I'm hungry as a bear;" and the broad-shouldered, sturdy, sunburnt, yet genial-looking farmer, drew off his overcoat, and pulled off his cap, and handed them to his wife, and then ran his fingers back and forth through the blaze that run up the chimney, rubbing them briskly the while.

"It's chilly riding, and I shouldn't wonder

if we had a frost to-night. Did the children gather in all the pumpkins to-day?"

"Pretty much, father. All that's fit to cook—"

"Some great bouncers, too," interrupted

Jimmie; "it was all Sue and I could do to roll them."

"You'd better throw some old blankets over them to-night, mother. I don't want 'em brought in, as long as I can help it, for every day's sunning helps sweeten 'em. My old mother used to say it saved half the molasses to let 'em sun a fortnight."

"And so it does, father, but come, sit down now."

"Don't look much like hard times here, mother;" and Mr. Smith set down the cup of fragrant tea his wife had handed him, broke open the biscuit he had helped himself to, and spread the halves with a generous allowance of butter. "Not much like hard times;" and he deposited a brimming spoonful of apple-sauce on his plate, and dipped his fork into the bowl of beets. "We've thought we knew something about 'em; but I tell you, mother, we've got to fare sicker than this before we feel 'em to speak of. If you just could only have set down to the table I did to-day, noon, I reckon—I'm a bit, not just the thing, according to my notions. Sam tried hard to have me go when he did. But I gave him a right flat no. Says I, Sam, may I be won't make as much money as you, but I'll live a deal sight better. Poor fellow, I wonder how he'd feel to happen in just now, and set his eyes on this table. And yet we don't think this is anything extra; at least nothing but the biscuits." And swallowing the last bit of the fifth one, he reached out his plate for a piece of the pumpkin pie.

Mrs. Smith thought it a favorable opportunity to ask the question that had been on her lips ever since he came in.

"Did you get your money, father, to-day?"

"I reckon I did, mother," and he clasped his right hand on his breast-pocket. "I reckon I've got a hundred dollars hid here; brand-new bills, too, every one of 'em. No, not quite a hundred; for after I got 'em, I went and bought a pound of tea and a dollar's worth of sugar, and gave 'em to Sally Ann, for I couldn't bear that any of my connections, and a woman, too, should be drinking cold water all the time. Don't they look good?" and opening the old leather pocket-book, he took them out and counted them over. "Five tens is fifty; nine fives is forty-five, and this three is ninety-eight; just it."

"No meat or potatoes?"

"Not the first mouthful, nor any coffee, nor any tea, but catnip—"

"Catnip?"

"Yes, mother, catnip. You're eat your breakfast, I reckon," says he, as he drew up his chair. "If he hadn't," says she, "he wouldn't relish ours much," and she turned her head away, but I saw her wipe her eyes with her apron."

"Poor thing! but, father, I always thought Johnson was a good provider."

"So he is, mother, so he is; but just wait till I tell you. It's hard fare," says he, as he took up a cake; "I didn't think once I could have stood it to have gone without meat or potatoes, or butter or coffee, for breakfast, but these hard times play the deuce with a fellow's earnings." "But I thought you was glad!" and he shoved his chair back hastily, and picking up the old cap which his mother had fabricated the winter before, out of bits from her bundle-bag, he sent it, as he said, "a-kiting."

"And I'll have a new dress, won't I, mother?" said little Susan very earnestly, as she colored up, and says kindly, softly: "Hush, Molly; you know the times are too hard for father to buy lard to baste 'em in." Well, that kinder started 'em; and such a story as they had to tell, mother! Dear me, but it made my heart ache only to hear it. His wages have been cut down half, and he can't always get that when it is due, and sometimes they don't for days have anything to eat but hasty-pudding and molasses, and sometimes they even have to go without the molasses. Sally Ann said she hadn't had a bit of tea or sugar for two months, nor an egg, nor a pie or a cake. I'll tell you what I did: I just went right down to the wagon, and got that basket of doughnuts—I hadn't eat 'em half up—carried 'em to the children. Mercy, but how they did pounce on 'em! I couldn't think of anything but a half-starved cat coming across a stray mouse, they grabbed 'em so. And such a shout as they gave when they saw the slice of cheese! Sally Ann said it was more than a year since she had tasted a bit."

"Dear, but how funny—not to have cheese in the house all the time. Why, I reckon we've got forty now, up in the cheese room."

"Twenty, Jimmie, twenty; don't you stretch things so. I do wish I'd known it, father, before you started. I'd send her one, and a roll of butter, and a load of vegetables. You might have carried 'em just as well as not, if we'd only thought of it; but I never supposed folks—decent kind of folks, I mean, such as they are—ever had to do without such things."

"Nor I either, mother, and it set me to thinking, as I was coming home; and I believe you and I have often done rich people wrong, when we've called 'em stingy because they didn't divide with the poor around 'em. I don't believe it's stinginess a quarter of the time. It's because they don't think. They're so much of everything themselves, they don't realize how others do live. Sally Ann and Sam might have thought we were stingy to-day, because I didn't bring 'em in a load of one thing and another from our farm; I say they might, if they didn't know just what we really are. But you and I know that wasn't the reason. But never mind; I shall go down again in two or three weeks, and I reckon I'll make the springs bend some with the load I'll carry 'em then. I'll put in a good lot of potatoes and turnips, and such small trash, and half a dozen good-sized pumpkins, and four or five bushels of apples, and—"

"And I'll send him some of my nuts," said Jimmie, "a great bag of nuts, all mixed up, walnuts and butternuts and chestnuts. I reckon they'll make little Moll open her eyes again."

"Yes, indeed, child, the dear knows I will; but run, now, and wash your face and hands, and call Susan to set the chairs up. I'll make the tea in a hurry."

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reckon Sally Ann is sorry enough now she ever persuaded Sam to go there to live. To be sure, he wasn't making much at his trade here, but then their rent was only a trifle; and their garden kept them in vegetables the year round, and they had a cow and could make their own butter, and once in a while change milk with a neighbor, and make a cheese or two, and they could fatten a couple of pigs every year, and keep hens and have fresh eggs, and raise all the fruit they needed but winter apples. Their currant-bushes were doing so when they left, while their cherry trees almost broke down, and their plums and peaches would have borne in a year or two, a plenty. And now, they don't have anything but what they buy. It's too bad. I wouldn't stand it."

"Nor I either, mother. This putting one's hand in his pocket, every time he wants a bite, isn't just the thing, according to my notions. Sam tried hard to have me go when he did. But I gave him a right flat no. Says I, Sam, may I be won't make as much money as you, but I'll live a deal sight better. Poor fellow, I wonder how he'd feel to happen in just now, and set his eyes on this table. And yet we don't think this is anything extra; at least nothing but the biscuits."

"And so it does, father, but come, sit down now."

"Don't look much like hard times here, mother;" and Mr. Smith set down the cup of fragrant tea his wife had handed him, broke open the biscuit he had helped himself to, and spread the halves with a generous allowance of butter. "Not much like hard times;" and he deposited a brimming spoonful of apple-sauce on his plate, and dipped his fork into the bowl of beets. "We've thought we knew something about 'em; but I tell you, mother, we've got to fare sicker than this before we feel 'em to speak of. If you just could only have set down to the table I did to-day, noon, I reckon—I'm a bit, not just the thing, according to my notions. Sam tried hard to have me go when he did. But I gave him a right flat no. Says I, Sam, may I be won't make as much money as you, but I'll live a deal sight better. Poor fellow, I wonder how he'd feel to happen in just now, and set his eyes on this table. And yet we don't think this is anything extra; at least nothing but the biscuits."

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right, folding up the slip of paper; "good day, sir; call and see us as often as you can."

" * * * Is the baby asleep, wife?" said the minister, as he looked into the sitting-room a few moments after the front door had closed on his visitor.

" No, husband; why?"

" Because, wife—because"—and he choked down a sob of gratitude—"Johnson has just paid me ten dollars, and I want you to go and spend it at the store."

" Ten dollars! The Lord bless him!" and she covered her face with her hands and wept.

To and fro went the doctor in his little office, revolving in his mind his whole list of patients, and trying to think which of them would be most likely to pay up if he presented his bill. His wife had asked him for ten dollars that morning, and told him she must have it, for he was just naked for shirts and their two little boys hadn't a whole suit of clothes in the world.

" It's no use, no use," muttered he, as he took up his mortar and pestle and pounded away; " no one's got any money, and if they had, they'd run right to the stores with it; the doctor's the last man they'd think of paying. Ah! Johnson, how are you? how's the wife, and little John C. Fremont? sit down; sit down."

" I've only a minute to stay. Doctor, got that bill of mine made out?"

" No, I haven't, Johnson, but I can make it out, if you want it."

" Well, I do; I'm round settling up my debts, and thought I wouldn't forget you. For professional attendance and medicines, ten dollars! All right; just what I expected—there," handing him two fives, " just sign your name now, and we'll be even."

" Could you go up to the store this afternoon, wife?" The doctor's eyes twinkled as he spoke.

" For, what, husband?" and his companion looked up from her pile of mending in surprise.

How quick she sprang from her chair, and how she laughed and cried in the same breath. Ten dollars! it was a little fortune to her. She had not seen so much money before in six months.

The butcher's stall was closed, but he had not gone home yet. He was still there, and busily too, wiping off counters, and scrubbing up the floor, and straightening things generally; but not whistling Yankee Doodle or Hall Columbia, his two favorite tunes as was usual, but humming away at one of Watt's newest hymns, and looking for all the world like a man going to be hanged. To tell the truth, though one of the jolliest fellows in the world, he was all out of heart that day. He had to put on his Sunday pants that morning, because his everyday ones were so ragged that his wife declared they wouldn't even do for carpet rags, and the doctor had ordered flannel for her, as the only preventive to the cough that had rocked her all last winter, and how he was to get a new pair of pants, or she to get flannel was more than he knew. Not a cent coming in, everybody wanting to pay in flour, or potatoes, or butter, or apples, or some such thing.

" Hallow, old fellow! gone home, yet?"

" No, no, Johnson, pull the string, and the latchet'll fly up. How are you, wagoner? don't show your face here very often, any more, turned Araminta, I reckon."

" Not a bit of it, man; I'm in for a nice sneak to-morrow, porter house, mind; be sure and save it; and see here, old fellow. Here's ten dollars to shorten your face a little; hang me, if it isn't as long as the moral law. Give me a receipt, quick, and we'll be even on the books. That's it; don't forget that steak."

" What's happened, husband?"

" Why?"

" Why, I haven't heard you whistle before for a week. I should think you'd got some money, if there was any in this part of the Union, but I don't believe there is."

" Don't you, wily? see here. Ten dollars not a cent more or less. I'd like to keep it a week, just to see how it would seem to have money in my pocket once more, but I can't—it burns my fingers even now." And he whistled Yankee Doodle, till the baby's afternoon nap was completely broken up. " But never mind," he said cheekily, as he tossed the little one to and fro in his brownie arms, " I'll tend her if she's cross. You just put up these patches, and get ready to go to the store. You're a better judge than me, of course, as I am. I'm good on beef and pork and mutton, but when it comes to store goods, I'm the biggest fool alive; so, hurry up, wifes, hurry up."

The young merchant stood at his desk, gloomily turning over the leaves of his ledger. He was evidently ill at ease; his brow, usually so placid, was now deeply furrowed; his cheeks were feverish and his eyes heavy. He had been in business but two years, and having but little capital to begin on, had been obliged to run in debt for a portion of his stock. But until now, every payment had been made punctually, and he had felt himself fast getting along in the world. Now his prospects looked gloomy enough. He had a note of five hundred dollars to pay the next Friday, and here, four o'clock Wednesday afternoon, he had but four hundred raised. He had no hopes of making out the remainder, either, for he had been to everybody who owed him, again and again. He must fail—fail for that pauper sum, which, in ordinary times, he could have borrowed of almost any one. Fearful of this, he had, some days before, reluctantly begged of the firm to which he was indebted, an extension of time. The answer to his letter lay before him on the desk. They, too, were in a tight place, and depended upon the payment of his note.

" There is no help for it," he said, shutting up the ledger; " I must fail. If it wasn't for

wife and the baby—" Just then the door opened, and Johnson entered.

" Don't leave your desk, Grey," he said cheerfully, coming toward it, " just hand me over that bill of mine, if you have made it out."

" Is it possible he's going to settle?" thought the merchant, and great drops of sweat started to his forehead.

" All right," and the customer ran his eye over the items.

" Now, just write your name down there, and he handed it back.

The merchant's fingers shook so, he could hardly hold the pen. " That's it; now you may have these," and Johnson counted out five tens; " and now fly around, and do me up a lot up things, for our buttery as lean as a church mouse."

" I couldn't wait till dinner-time, Lizzie, I couldn't wait," he exclaimed, clasping a beautiful woman in his arms. " I've run every step of the way to tell you the news. We're saved, we're saved."

Two firms saved from failure—four families rescued from want, and how many, many hearts made light and glad by the self-sacrifice of one farmer's wife! Oh! this "making do" is verily, we believe, the best and cheapest remedy for these hard times that crush us all so terribly. Suppose we try it, not one, but all of us. It is said that a pebble thrown into the ocean causes a vibration that does not cease till the opposite shore is touched. How far may not one dollar, saved from family expense, and turned towards the payment of our honest debts, how far may not it go towards bringing back our loved and beautiful land the good times for which we are all sighing? Why not make Pebbles of our dollars, and cast them hopefully into the great ocean of want?—*Ladies' Repository*.

THE COLONIZATION SCHEME PUT INTO PRACTICE.

Senator S. C. Pomeroy, of Kansas, has, by request of the President, consented to organize emigration parties of free colored persons for settlement in Central America, and been commissioned accordingly. This gentleman's former success in organizing emigrant expeditions for the settlement of Kansas and Colorado affords a guarantee of a happy consummation of his present plan. The Government proposes to send out the emigrants in good steamships, and provide them all the necessary implements of labor, and also sustenance until they can gather a harvest.

The following address, prepared by Senator Pomeroy, has been sanctioned by the President:

To the Free Colored People of the United States.—The hour has now arrived in the history of your settlement upon this continent, where it is within your power to take one step that will secure, if successful, the elevation, freedom and social position of your race upon the American continent.

The President of the United States has already signified his desire to carry out fully, in the letter and spirit of the late Act of Congress, the desire of the National Legislature, which made an appropriation to facilitate your emigration and settlement in some favorable locality outside of these states, and at his request I have consented and agreed with him to aid you in organizing this emigration and in selecting a locality that will be valuable and attractive to your people in itself, as well as give the promise to you and that it shall be a suitable location for a great, free, and prosperous people.

I now address you as one awake to this momentous revolution in American history, and alive, also, to your interests in this conflict of arms, whereby you are led to hope that in thus unsettling established institutions your people may go free. This, then, is the hour for you to make an earnest effort to secure your own social position and independence by co-operating with those who now reach out their hands to aid you. I ask you to do this by the pride you may have for your struggling and oppressed people, now among us, as well as by the hopes you may indulge of making smooth and prosperous the path of coming generations.

I propose, on the 1st day of October next, to call with an hundred colored men as pioneers in that movement, who with their families, may equal the number of 500 souls, and for whose benefit the appropriations in the Act of Congress referred to were made.

The President will provide for the means of transportation and the protection of the settlers, being familiar with organizing and settling the early emigration to my own state (Kansas), I induce the hope that that experience may be made serviceable to you. I am anxious for the welfare of your people, present and prospective, I want you to be so kind as to consider this as an auspicious period for you. If this travel and pain of the nation becomes the birthday of your freedom let us plant you free and independent, beyond the reach of the power that has oppressed you. Consider this an opening by the wisdom of Divine Providence, when you are called of God to go with me to a country where your oppressed people are soon to receive for the inheritance.

I propose to examine, and if found satisfactory and promising, to settle you at Chiriqui, in New Granada, with the approval of the Government, only about one week's sail from Washington, D. C.

All persons of the African race, of sound health, who desire to take, with me, the lead in this work, will please send their names, the number, sex, and age of the respective members of their families and their post-office address to me, at the city of Washington, D. C. No white person will be allowed as a member of the colony. I want mechanics and laborers—carpenters, honest, and sober men—for the intervals of a generation, it may be of mankind, are involved in this experiment; and with the approbation of the American people, and under the blessing of Almighty God, it cannot—it shall not fail.

S. C. POMEROY, U. S. Senator.

A FAME.—A young man once picked up a sovereign lying in the road. Ever afterwards as he walked along he kept his eyes fixed steadily upon the ground, in hopes to find another. And in the course of a long life he did pick up at different times a goodly number of come gold and silver. But all these years, while he was looking for them, he saw not that the heavens were bright above him, and nature beautiful around. He never once allowed his eyes to look up from the mud and filth in which he sought the treasure; and when he died—a rich old man—he only knew this fair earth of ours as a dirty road in which to pick up money as you walk along!

Why is this? Surely it is needless to inquire. Yonder stands Spoonbill, twirling his moustache with rather a foolish expression of countenance, conscious that the object of his affection is waiting for him to approach her, yet hesitating to do so while the place by

ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED.

Considered in the abstract, the spectacle of two young people engaged to be married ought to be agreeable and interesting. Young people so situated are, generally speaking, happy. Indeed, we have been informed by persons who have gone through the process of falling in love, and being engaged and finally marrying, that it is one of a deeply gratifying character, locked back upon in after life as a bright spot round which many sweet and pleasant recollections cluster. We ought, therefore, to rejoice in beholding young people serenely passing through so important a phase of their existence. We ought to watch them with interest, greet them with looks of silent approbation, and inwardly pronounce a blessing upon their union. We fear, however—such is the perversity of human nature—that the spectacle is neither agreeable nor interesting to any excepting parents on either side. In fact, at the risk of being deemed unfeeling, we must confess, that, as a rule, young people engaged to be married are rather a bore than otherwise.

We will assume the engagement to be of a perfectly satisfactory nature. The gentleman is not notoriously profligate, nor accidentally ill bred. He not only possesses a moderate income of his own, but has the advantage of a fixed profession or employment. Other advantages are his—father of intelligent temperament with a perpetual balance at the banker's, an elder brother imprudently devoted to steeplechasing, a maiden aunt wealthy and in very indifferent health, an uncle, owner in fee of half-a-dozen houses, with a warm heart and weak intellect. The young lady, too, is not destitute of attractions. Her face is tolerable, her figure not ungainly; there is a *posture* of a thousand pounds coming to her on "dear papa's" decease; and she will be entitled, as one of five sisters, to a fifth share of the family jewels "when dear mamma is taken from us." We will assume also, as a point not without some slight importance in matrimonial engagements, that the young couple are tenderly attached to one another, or—what for our purpose is much the same thing—imagine themselves to be so. Assume all this to be the case, and yet we adhere to our original position that the presence of the young couple in the social circle is rather a bore than otherwise.

Spoonbill and Araminta are approaching. There is no help for it. You have a character to maintain for ready tact and innate delicacy of feeling. You decamp without delay, and start for a distant part of the stream where the fish are sulky and unsociable, and the gnats and midges malignantly lively.

Again, "the course of true love," as we very well know, does not always run smooth.

One evening there is a manifest perturbation in the family circle of the Browns. The young couple are not visible. You catch sight, indeed, of the familiar figure of Spoonbill moodily pacing up and down the flower-terrace—varying the occupation by occasionally stopping to gaze at the moon. Araminta is in her bed room. This you ascertain by an untasted cup of tea being brought back to the drawing-room by a sister in a state of incipient hysterics, who has overatched her low murmur of voices behind you. You shudder and look round.

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You take a fancy to fish in Brown's trout stream. An hour's walk under a hot sun shelters you to a delightful pool in the river-shaded, quiet and shady—where the fish are rising half a dozen at a time, apparently eager for a little sport. You have scarcely entered thoroughly into your work, and have tossed an undersized trout or two into your basket just to get your hand in, when your ear catches the low murmur of voices behind you. You shudder and look round.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, SEPTEMBER 6, 1862.

7

ARREST OF CHARLES INGERSOLL.

Charles Ingersoll, son of the late Charles Jared Ingersoll, formerly member of Congress from this city, has been arrested for a speech made at the recent Democratic meeting in Independence Square. The arrest was made by the United States Marshal, W. Millward. The following is a copy of the affidavit by virtue of which the prisoner is retained by Marshal Millward:

State of Pennsylvania. City of Philadelphia, ss.—Joseph J. Gilbert being duly sworn according to law, deposes and says he is a newspaper reporter; was present at the meeting held in Independence Square in this city, on Saturday evening, August 23d, 1862; saw Charles Ingersoll there; heard him make a speech there; deponent is a phonographic reporter; made a full and complete report of said speech; deponent heard the said Charles Ingersoll make the remark at that meeting, "that the whole object of the war, hitherto, was to free the nigger," also, "that a more corrupt Government than that which now governs us never was in the United States, and has been seldom seen in any European part of the world; it is necessary to go to the older regions of Asia to find as much corruption as exists in this Government of Mr. Lincoln," also, "that anything half as corrupt as this Government of the United States never was imagined until Mr. Lincoln came into power," also, "they tell us we can be arrested, ah! well, I see our friends in different parts of the town (some in the Twelfth Ward, the other day) have been arrested. But after all, fellow citizens, these arrests are not such terrible things; if they can arrest you, they must feed you, clothe you, judge you, and in these hard times there is something in that," also, "I want to know whether any Government that ever exercised so much power has with one million three hundred thousand men, or not to count the six hundred thousand not yet in the field, has with seven hundred thousand men in the field ever accomplished results so insignificant."

The report hereto annexed is a full and complete report of said speech, and the precise language used made by Charles Ingersoll on said occasion.

[Here follows a full report of the speech in question, the extracts given above forming the most objectionable portions of the whites.]

Deponent resides in Tenth Street, above Poplar, in the city of Philadelphia.

J. J. GILBERT.

Before Mr. Ingersoll could be sent to Washington, a habeas corpus was granted by Judge Cadwalader. Mr. Ingersoll was produced in court that morning—but his mother having died the night previous, by his mother of the United States counsel the case was postponed until Monday.

ENGLISH SYMPATHY.

The London Daily News, in reference to Mr. Roebuck's recent abuse of the United States, says:—

"Mr. Roebuck's alleged facts are in reality the wildest misrepresentations. He urges, for example, that we ought to recognize the South at once, because, 'so forth, they are Englishmen, and we may make them our friends.' 'They are Englishmen,' he repeats, 'and not the scum and refuse of Europe'—is this ringing nonsense the result of genuine or affected ignorance? What is the fact? While the older states of the North were regularly colonized, not only by Englishmen, but by some of the noblest elements of English social and political life, the states of the South, with the exception of Virginia, which is only partly Southern, were not colonized by Englishmen at all. A considerable section of the Southern colonists were bitter enemies of England and everything English, and their occupation is perpetuated in the names of towns and districts, such as New Orleans and Louisiana, throughout the Southern and Western states. In fact, there is hardly a more mongrel population than that of the slave states in the whole continent of America. Mr. Roebuck's true-born Englishmen of the South are largely made up of French, Spanish, Mexican, and Indian elements. So much for the question of race, which, in Mr. Roebuck's peculiar system of ethics, is to override all moral considerations, all principles of public justice and international law, and lead us to grasp in eager friendship the violent and polluted hand of the Slave Confederacy."

The London Morning Star publishes a letter from Mr. Robert Pontifex Mallory, a resident of Sheffield, who protests, on his own behalf and that of thousands of his fellow townsmen against Roebuck's "shameful and disgusting speech." He says—

"I do not stand alone in the feeling of disquiet toward a man who could dare to insult a friendly people. Thousands there are who consider Mr. Roebuck's speech as a disgrace to himself and to the audience who applauded the false and malignant statements of this professedly liberal representative. The speech was a violent attack upon a great, a free and enlightened neighbor; and many of Mr. Roebuck's former supporters, remembering that last act of imprudence, will now be ranked amongst his bitterest opponents."

"America [the North] deserves all our warm sympathy and all our forbearance. They [the United States] were and still continue a great and free people, and though surrounded by the dangers and difficulties of a cruel and blood-thirsty revolution, they will, from the crumbling ruins of that vile treason, rise a magnificent and gigantic republic, again the wonder and the envy of the world. As Englishmen, we have no reason to be jealous of America, nor they, as Americans, to be envious of us; but we have both of us reason to unite ourselves in the bonds of amity and peace, bidding alike, by our generosity and valor, defiance to foreign aggression or internal commotions."

GREN. CLAY SMITH has been, for several weeks past, engaged in severely punishing the guerrillas in Kentucky, and has whipped them badly in six engagements. If we go on in this good work, we shall soon restore peace and happiness to the citizens of Kentucky and Tennessee.

The latest advice from Gen. Buell's army place him near Stevenson, Alabama, moving towards Knoxville. As our armies in the Southwest are all on the move, we may expect soon to hear good news, even though it be exciting.

John Ross, the Chief of the Cherokee nation, and his retinue of fifty persons, has gone to Washington, to lay his grievances before the President, and to urge the sending of a body of troops to clear the territory of hostile tribes and rebels.

RETURNING THE COMPLIMENT.—Corn. Davis and Gen. Curtis recently made a successful expedition up the Yazoo River, capturing 1,300 Enfield rifles, and the encampment of the First Louisiana regiment, burned the depot, and destroyed the railroad and telegraph, cutting off the connections of Vicksburg. In addition to this they captured a battery of heavy guns, some prisoners, and obtained a large amount of property and destroyed a great deal that would be very serviceable to the rebels.

DENNIS A. MAHON, editor of the Dubuque Herald, Iowa, who was arrested recently, charged with treasonable practices, has been nominated for Congress by the Democrats of the Third District of that state.

THE CREDIT FOR THE INVENTION OF THE HOOP BELONGS, IT IS SAID, TO ANGELIQUE MILLET, a poor French peasant girl, who took the idea from her hen-coops. She patented the invention and got rich.

NEWS ITEMS.

HONOR THE BRAVE.—Col. Picens (Brigadier-General Pierce, of Big Bethel notoriety), passed through Philadelphia last week, on his return to his regiment in McClellan's army. In the seven-days fight he lost his right arm, fighting at the head of his regiment, and now returns to share its dangers in the flights soon to come off. After the Battle of Bull Run, he returned to his native state, determined to retrieve his wounded honor, even if he had to enlist as a private; and nobly has he kept his resolution.

PACIFIC MAIL.—Owing to the fears that a general war with nearly all the Indian tribes east of the Missouri river is close at hand, an interruption of the Overland mail is daily expected, and the Post-office Department has instructed the postmasters to send the California mails to New York till further directed.

DISCOURSES ENTHUSIASM.—The War Department announces that all attempts to procure substitutes in anticipation of the draft will be regarded as discouraging enlistments, and that the persons who do so, their aides and abettors, are liable to be arrested under the order of August 8th. Publishing advertisements for such persons, with the view of aiding their operations, is hereafter to be regarded as rendering the publisher liable to such arrest.

DISAPPEARED.—A brother of Col. Corcoran, residing in this city, disappeared from his home at evening, several months ago, and has not since been seen. Nothing was heard of him for quite a period after his departure, when it came to his wife's ears that he had enlisted. She immediately instituted inquiries at New York and Albany, and found the story confirmed, but could not succeed, and has not yet succeeded, in learning with what effect he joined his fortunes.—*Brook Express.*

FREE AND SLAVE LABOR.—In an address delivered recently by Father Hunt, of the Roman Catholic church, at Scranton, Penn., he said:—"If the secessionists are successful we must concede them the right to take their negroes where they please. They would inevitably open the African slave trade, and bring in negroes at \$130 per head, and in all probability introduce them into our mines and factories as cheaper labor than that of the whites."

THE secessionists of St. Louis county, Mo., have been assessed \$300,000 for the purpose of clothing, arming, and subsisting the enrolled militia which are in active service, and also for providing for the support of such families of the militiamen as may be left destitute.

GEN. BLUNT, with 1,500 men, returned to Fort Scott on the 23d inst., after having pursued the rebels and driven them in utter confusion across the Osage river. The general was used up in Missouri.

Deponent resides in Tenth Street, above Poplar, in the city of Philadelphia.

J. J. GILBERT.

Before Mr. Ingersoll could be sent to Washington, a habeas corpus was granted by Judge Cadwalader. Mr. Ingersoll was produced in court that morning—but his mother having died the night previous, by his mother of the United States counsel the case was postponed until Monday.

GENERAL RAMSEY, of Minnesota, telegraphs to a friend in this city that the Rev. Dr. Williamson and Rev. Mr. Riggs, Sioux missionaries, reported murdered in the late massacre, are safe.

ARMY CORRESPONDENTS.—During the war, thus far, four correspondents have died at their posts from disease contracted while in the army; three have died from wounds received in battle; seven have been taken prisoners, and two have gone over to the enemy.

N. Y. *Express* is said that the Emperor Napoleon has fixed the majority of the Prince, his heir, at the age of fourteen years.

NEW YORK METHODISTS.—The persons employed at the New York Methodist Book Concern have associated together to aid those of their number who may be drafted. Over twenty men have enlisted from the establishment since the war commenced.

TAX NET AMOUNT OF THE INCOME TAX IN GREAT BRITAIN LAST YEAR WAS OVER ELEVEN MILLION MILLIONS STERLING. There were fifty-nine individuals with incomes exceeding £50,000 a year; Ireland only furnishes one individual fortunate enough to rank in that class, but his income amounts to £15,000 a year.

NOT EAGER FOR THEIR PAY.—The master having visited the camp of the 60th Indians regiment, to tender the officers and men their advance pay, the latter told him, through their general, that they wanted no advance pay, that they did not volunteer for that, and were willing to wait for their money until they had earned it.

Two new theatres, which are about completed in Paris, are to be lighted in a new and novel manner. Lusters and gas burners are to be done away with, and the light reflected all over the house by means of an enormous mirror, through a hole in the ceiling containing a pan of unpolished glass.

GUANO, of a very valuable description, is said to have been discovered in an immense deposit in Newfoundland.

SAILORS FROM ABROAD.—We are informed that a government agent, applying to a Germanic stat for sailors for our navy, has received a reply offering to furnish from 1,000 to 10,000 for a bounty of \$15, which sum is to include the passage money. Only 1,000 sailors were asked for.—N. Y. *Express*.

We have another contradiction, of the rumor that Gen. Morgan's forces at Cumberland Gap were on the point of starvation. He has provisions enough to last for one month, and meantime can hold his position, he himself says, in a letter received at Cincinnati Saturday week, agt \$100,000 men.

LATRON REPORTS FROM LONG LEAD.—The former report of the Indian troubles is exaggerated. There is no confirmation of the statement that Springfield is burned. Arms and ammunition have been sent to Ford-Dodge from Davenport for the defense of the northern country in case of need.

THE GREAT EASTERN, which arrived in Flushing Bay on Wednesday morning from Liverpool, brought fourteen hundred passengers (two hundred and sixty-one in the steerage) and three thousand tons of merchandise. People it seems are still flocking into the country.

GREN. CLAY SMITH has been, for several weeks past, engaged in severely punishing the guerrillas in Kentucky, and has whipped them badly in six engagements. If we go on in this good work, we shall soon restore peace and happiness to the citizens of Kentucky and Tennessee.

The latest advice from Gen. Buell's army place him near Stevenson, Alabama, moving towards Knoxville. As our armies in the Southwest are all on the move, we may expect soon to hear good news, even though it be exciting.

JOHN BOSS, the Chief of the Cherokee nation, and his retinue of fifty persons, has gone to Washington, to lay his grievances before the President, and to urge the sending of a body of troops to clear the territory of hostile tribes and rebels.

RETURNING THE COMPLIMENT.—Corn. Davis and Gen. Curtis recently made a successful expedition up the Yazoo River, capturing 1,300 Enfield rifles, and the encampment of the First Louisiana regiment, burned the depot, and destroyed the railroad and telegraph, cutting off the connections of Vicksburg. In addition to this they captured a battery of heavy guns, some prisoners, and obtained a large amount of property and destroyed a great deal that would be very serviceable to the rebels.

DENNIS A. MAHON, editor of the Dubuque Herald, Iowa, who was arrested recently, charged with treasonable practices, has been nominated for Congress by the Democrats of the Third District of that state.

THE CREDIT FOR THE INVENTION OF THE HOOP BELONGS, IT IS SAID, TO ANGELIQUE MILLET, a poor French peasant girl, who took the idea from her hen-coops. She patented the invention and got rich.

Interview Between Capt. Brown of the Ram Arkansas and Gen. Van Dorn.

The Cairo correspondent of the Chicago Times, writing under date of the 14th instant, states that after the ram Arkansas had successfully run the blockade of the National vessel and arrived off Vicksburg, she was boarded by Gen. Van Dorn, who approached her commander, Capt. Brown, and the following conversation was had:

General—"Captain Brown, allow me to congratulate you on your success in reaching us."

Captain Brown—"Thank you, general; it was a desperate undertaking, but I knew what my vessel was made of."

General—"I hardly expected that you would come through them without making them more conscious of your superiority. It seems to me you might have sunk or disabled half a dozen of them. Why, under heaven, didn't you try it on?"

Captain Brown—"General Van Dorn, I have accomplished what no naval officer in the confederate service would have dared attempt, and what no one conversant with naval warfare would have supposed possible. The bare achievement of getting this vessel through that fleet is glory enough for one day."

General—"Fie! fie! captain, that's all very well; you've done well, but might have done better. Get up steam again, and run up and try them a turn. When you have sunk six or eight of their tories you can come back and let the people cheer you."

Captain Brown—"Sir, I know what I have done; nor do I propose to risk the reputation I've won by encountering that fleet again, especially now that they have all got steam up and are prepared to meet me. I shall not risk my laurels by renewing the contest to-day."

General—"I can see no reason why you should not go out again. They'll hardly expect you now, and if they do, you know your vessel is a match for them. You hear my orders to go!"

Captain Brown—"General Van Dorn, this boat is without a commander; I shall forward my resignation to Richmond immediately. In the meantime, please consider the vessel in your possession. You are at liberty to send her out under any commander you can find here to take her out, or you may take her out yourself."

The general turned away chagrined and mortified. Captain Brown also left the boat almost immediately, and, although urgent, requested to withdraw his resignation, obstinately refused to do so. Lieut. Stevens was left in command, and it was under his direction that the second and last chapter in her career was enacted.

W. COOPER, Adj. and Insp. Gen.

The rebels are "sowing the wind"—let them look out for "the whirlwind."

Confederate Barbarity.—Generals Hunter and Philips to be Considered as Felons.

WAR DEPARTMENT, ADJUTANT AND INSPECTOR GENERAL'S OFFICE, RICHMOND, Aug. 21, 1862.—*General Orders*, No. 60—1.

Whereas Major General Hunter, recently in command of the enemy's forces on the coast of South Carolina, and Brigadier General Philips, a military commander of the enemy in the State of Louisiana, have organized and armed negro slaves for military service against their masters, citizens of this Confederacy;

And whereas the Government of the United States has refused to answer an inquiry whether said conduct of its officers meets his censure, and has thus left to this Government no other means of repressing said crimes and outrages than by the adoption of such measures of retaliation as shall serve to prevent their repetition:

Ordered, That Major General Hunter and Brigadier General Philips be no longer held and treated as public enemies of the Confederate States, but as outlaws; and that in the event of the capture of either of them, or that of any other commissioned officer employed in drilling, organizing or instructing slaves, with a view to their armed service in this war, he shall not be regarded as a prisoner of war, but held in close confinement for execution as a felon, at such time and place as the President may order. By order,

(Signed) (S. Cooper)

W. COOPER, Adj. and Insp. Gen.

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INDOMINION MEETING AT WILMINGTON.

—One of the largest meetings ever held in Delaware convened in Wilmington on the 20th, at which resolutions were adopted denouncing Gov. Burton as a rebel and a tool of Bayard, and appointing a committee to lay the proceedings of the meeting before the President and Secretary of War. Resolutions were also adopted expressing a determination to resist the draft, as made by the Governor.

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